

THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS.

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Our Terms cannot be misunderstood.—Those indebted to us for last year's subscription can make payment to the above named gentlemen also, advance payment for the present volume.

THE RAINBOW.

BY AMELIA.

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June!
The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud to its heaven of rest,
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow enrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold;
'Twas but in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the utmost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and fell,
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughing-ly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore;

No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circles! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the ocean the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a garble as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul—

Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
And thus when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the link in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave,
Yet, oh! when death's shadows my bosom enclose,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

THE MAIDEN'S ADVENTURE.

A TALK OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF VIRGINIA.

"Well Kate," said her bridesmaid, Lucy Cameron, "the clouds look very threatening, and you know it is said to be an unlucky omen for one's wedding night to be stormy."

"Pshaw, Lucy, would you frighten me with some old grandmother's tale, as if I were a child? I believe not in omens, and shall forget all unlucky presages, when the wife of Richard Gaston," answered the lovely and smiling bride.

"You treat it lightly, and I trust it may not be ominous of your own conjugal life," resumed Lucy; "but my Aunt Kitty says that's the reason she never married, because it was raining in torrents the day she was to have been wedded, and she discarded her lover because it was unlucky."

"Ah, Lucy, I do not mean to doubt your good aunt's word; but there must have been some more serious cause linked with the one you have mentioned. My life on it, I do not lose a husband for so slight a cause. It must be something more than a common occurrence, that shall now break off the match with Dick and myself. But see, the company are beginning to arrive," said Kate, as she looked from the window of her room, "and I must prepare for the ceremony."

The morning of the day of which we have spoken, had opened in unclouded splendor, and all seemed propitious to the nuptials that were to be solemnized in the evening. The inmates of the cabin in which the preceding conversation had been carried on, had arisen cheerfully with the first

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"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

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notes of the early robin to prepare for the festival, to which the whole neighborhood, consisting of all within fifteen or twenty miles, (for neighborhoods were then large, and habitations scarce) were indiscriminately invited.

Kate Lee was the only child of her parents, and had been born and raised in the humble cottage which her father had assisted to construct with his own hands. Mr. Lee had moved to his present residence, when few ventured thus far into the Indian territory; and by his own labors, and that of his two servants, had erected a double cabin, and cleared about fifty acres of land, upon a rich piece of high ground, a mile and a half from the James River. By his urbanity and kindness, he had gained the confidence of the Indians; and in all their deprivations so far, he had gone unscathed. He was of good birth and education, and the most hospitable man in the settlement. The property which he held, and the style in which he lived, together with his superior knowledge, gave him a standing among the settlers superior to all. Ever ready to assist the needy, and always just in his opinions and actions, he was looked to for counsel, rather than treated as an equal.

As we said before, Kate was his only child, and had been the solace of her parents for nineteen years. She had now attained to full-blown womanhood, and, from her beauty and intelligence, her hand had been often asked, by the hardy sons of the pioneers. Her heart was untouched, until young Gaston laid siege to it. To his eloquent appeals she lent a willing ear, and promised to be his bride.

As Kate was the loveliest girl in the country, so was Richard Gaston the most to be envied among the youths. Of fine, manly stature, superior intellect, and unflinching energy, he was the best match in the settlement. He cultivated a little farm on the other side of the river, and when occasion offered, engaged in the practice of law, for which both education and nature fitted him. He had been in the settlement about seven years, and from his open and conciliatory manners, his bold and manly bearing had become a favorite with all around him. He was always the first to take up his rifle, and sally against the hostile Indians, when necessity required it, and from his undoubted courage, was always chosen leader of the little bands, forced to repel the savage foe.

When the toils of the week had passed, Gaston might be seen with his rifle on his shoulder, moving toward the river where his canoe was fastened, and springing lightly into it, dashing through the foaming waters, and among the rocks, as safely and cheerfully, as if passing over a smooth and glassy lake; and on the following evening he might be seen again, braving the rushing current, with the same careless ease, but more thoughtful brow; for who ever yet parted from the girl of his heart, with the same joyful aspect, which he wore when going to meet her? Let us now return to the wedding day.

"Have you heard of the Indian that was found murdered on the bank of the creek this morning?" said a young man, after the company had assembled, to Mr. Lee.

"No," said Mr. Lee, with surprise, "I had hoped from the long peace that has reigned, we should have no more such outrages against the poor Indians. But how is it possible, sir, if they are thus about down, that we can expect them to be quiet?"

"The body," continued the first speaker, "was found by some of his own tribe; and they immediately threatened vengeance if the murderers were not given up. But that is impossible, because we do not know them."

At this moment a loud crash of thunder echoed through the woods, so suddenly, as to make all start from their seats.

"Well, my friends," said Mr. Lee, as soon as all was again quiet, "we shall be as likely to suffer from this rashness as the offender, and must be prepared. I am glad you have brought your guns with you, for unless they come in too large a body we shall be able to hold out against them."

This was said with that calmness which a frequent recurrence of such circumstances will produce as he re-hung his rifle, after preparing it for immediate use; the bride entered the room, in all the loveliness of graceful beauty. Few ornaments decked her person, because none could add to her natural grace and elegance. Her hair of jet black, was simply parted in front, drawn back, and fastened behind, displaying a forehead of marble whiteness; a wreath, mingling the wild rose with other forest flowers, was the only ornament on her head. Her neck and arms were perfectly bare, and seemed as if they, with her small fair feet and the rest of her figure, had been made in nature's most perfect mould.

The storm, which had before been heard but at a distance, seemed to have attained its greatest violence, and to be concentrated over the house. Peal after peal of thunder, came ringing through the hollows, each succeeding one apparently louder and more crashing than the former. Flash upon flash, of the quick and vivid lightning streamed out, resting awhile upon the surrounding scenery, and striking terror into the hearts of the more superstitious guests. The rain, which it first fell in large drops, that could be distinctly heard, and the awful silence, save when the thunders echoed, now came down in torrents; and the thunders pealed out, louder and louder, quicker and quicker, leaving scarcely intermission enough for the voice of Richard Gaston to be heard by his beautiful bride. He had impatiently awaited the invitation of Mr. Lee to meet

his daughter, but no longer able, amid the war of elements, to restrain himself, he advanced to, and seated himself by the side of his beloved Kate, and gently taking her hand in his, inquired if she was alarmed by the storm? To his enquiry, she only smiled, and shook her head.

"I see not then, why we may not proceed with the ceremony, the storm,"—here a keen and fearful crash jarred the house to its foundation, leaving traces of fear on the countenance of all, but the lovers and the parson; Gaston continued, however, "the storm may last an hour, and that is longer, my Kate, than I would like to deier the consummation of my hopes."

"I am ready," answered Kate, blushing, and without raising her eyes.

They rose from their seats, and advanced to the parson, who immediately commenced the ceremony. It was impossible to tell whether pleasure or fear predominated on the countenance of the guests, as they pressed forward, to witness the solemn ceremony of uniting two beings for life. In the intervals of the thunder, a faint smile would play upon their faces, but, as a rattling volley would strike their ears, their shrinking forms and bloodless lips betrayed their terror. The tempest seemed for a moment to have held its breath, as if to witness the conclusion of the nuptials, but now as the parson concluded with "salute your bride," a peal of thunder, keener and more startling than any yet, the parson, or Gaston himself, both of whom had been shocked, perceived that the chimney had fallen to the earth; until awakened to a sense of their situation by the shrill war-whoop of the Indians, which now mingled in dreadful union with the howling storm.

All thought of the storm vanished at once—defence against the savages seemed to be the first idea of all, as each man, with a determined look, grasped his rifle, and gathered around the females.

The Indians, led on by their noted chief, Eagle Eye, to avenge the death of their comrade, found in the morning, would perhaps have awaited the subsidence of the storm, had not the falling of the chimney displayed to them, the disorder and confusion within the cabin. Viewing it as the most favorable time for an attack, they raised their dreaded war-whoop, and sprung to the breach. That whoop, however, served but to nerve the hardy pioneers, and chase from their bosoms the fears which the wars of nature alone created. Richard Gaston, from custom, assumed the command; and with that coolness and self-possession, which indicates undaunted bravery, proceeded to give such orders as the time would allow.

"Let the females," said he, "go above and lie upon the floor, and we, my brave boys, will show them what stout hearts and strong arms can do in defence of beauty. Six of you go in the next room, and see that the villains enter not, except over your dead bodies; the rest will remain, and defend this opening."

The reader must not suppose that all was still during this brief address. The Indians, whose numbers amounted to several hundred, had fired once, and not being able, on account of the rain, to load again, now attempted to enter over the ruins of the chimney, and through the windows. The lights had been extinguished at the first yell, and all was dark, save when the flashes of lightning revealed to the few within, the fearful odds against them without. Several volleys had meanwhile been poured into the Indians, and a momentary flash revealed the effects. Many were lying dead or dying, forming a sort of breast-work at the breach. Becoming more infuriated, as those who had gone before, fell, under the constant fire of the whites, the savages, now, in a compact body, attempted an entrance; and the whites still cool, as if danger threatened not, waited until they reached the very breach, and then every man, with his muzzle almost touched the Indians, discharged his piece. The savages wavered, and then fell back, amid the shouts of the victorious yeomen.

The next flash of lightning discovered the Indians retreating to the woods, and dragging many of their dead with them. Another wild shout burst from the lips of the victorious whites. When all was again still, the voice of Mr. Lee was heard in thanksgiving, for the deliverance so far, and when he had concluded, he proposed a consultation upon the best means to be pursued, as it was certain the Indians had only retired to devise some other mode of attack. Some were for deserting their present situation, and flying to the woods for concealment; others, and the greater number, proposed remaining where they were, because the Indians had not certainly gone far, and if discovered, unprotected by the logs, they must fall an easy prey, to such superior numbers, while by remaining, they had some advantage, and a small chance to keep them off.

In the mean time the females, the firing having ceased, had left their hiding-place, and now mingled with the warriors. It was soon determined to hold on to their present situation, and defend it to the last, should they be again attacked. The better to add to its security, several of the stoutest commenced raising a barrier opening, with the logs that had been thrown down; while others barricaded the doors and windows. This being finished, they began an enquiry into the injury they had received; and found six of their number were killed.

The rain meanwhile had ceased, and the distant mutterings of the thunder could be only heard at intervals. All was silent in the cabin, awaiting the expected approach of the savages. Kate had approached Gaston when she first came into the room, and timidly asked if he was hurt. Having re-

ceived a satisfactory answer, she had remained silently by his side, until all was prepared for action. Then, for a moment, forgetting the dangers that surrounded him, Gaston yielded to the impulse of heart, and drawing the lovely being, who was now his wedded wife, in all the ardor of passionate love, to his bosom, imprinted upon her ruby lips, the kiss of which he had been so suddenly deprived by the onset of the savages.

"My own Kate," said he, "if you find we are to be overcome, you must try and make your escape through the back door, and thence to the woods. Here is one of our pistols, take it, and if you are pursued, you know how to use it; shoot down the first foe who dares to lay a hand on you. Make for the river, you know where my canoe is; the current is rapid and dangerous but if you can reach the other bank you are safe. Farewell now, my own sweet love, and if I fail, may heaven shield its protection over you."

Gaston was not a man to melt at every circumstance, but to be thus separated from his bride, perhaps never to meet again, brought a tear to his manly cheek. Love had for a moment unmanned his firm and noble heart; but it had past, and he was again a soldier; thinking only how best to defend, what he valued more than his life—his wife.

At this instant the whoop of the Indians was sounded to the assault. Each man sprang to his post. The whites had been equally divided, and a party stationed in each room. The rooms were now simultaneously attacked by the foe; and with clubs and large stones, they endeavored to force the doors. The silence of death reigned within, while without all was tumult and confusion. The door at length yielded—one board and then another gave way, while yell upon yell rose at their success.

"Hold on boys, until I give the word," said Gaston, "and then show your blows only with your lives."

The door and its whole support yielded, and in poured the savages like a whirlwind. "Fire now," cried Gaston, "and club your guns."

Almost as soon as one report, sounded the guns of every one in the house—the yell and cries of the wounded and infuriated foe almost appalled the stoutest hearts; but this was no time to admit fear, if they felt it. The Indians were making every exertion to enter over the pile of dead bodies that blocked up the doorway; and the gun of each man within, clenched by the barrel, was lowered only to add another to the heap. For twenty minutes the fight raged with unabated fury, and with unrelaxed exertions, when the moon breaking forth in all her splendor, exhibited the combatants as plain as the light of mid-day. One Indian stooped and bolder than the rest, had gained an entrance, and fixing his eyes on Gaston, as he saw him encouraging and directing the others to their work of death, he gave a loud yell, and sprang at him like the tiger on his prey. The quick eye and arm of Gaston were too rapid for him, and in an instant he lay dead from a blow of the young man's rifle.

But the strength of the brave little band began to length to fail. Their numbers had diminished more than half. Before the enemy had, however, entered, it had been proposed and needed to, as the only chance for the females should attempt an escape from the back door next the river, while the men should cover their retreat, as well as their diminished numbers would admit. Accordingly an attempt was made, and an exit gained; the whole force of the Indians being collected at the front door, to overcome the stubborn resistance of the whites.

The little phalanx stood firm to its post, until they saw the women had sufficient start in the wood before they could be overtaken; and then, pressed by such superior numbers, they slowly fell back to the same door, and the few that survived, made a rush and drew the door close after them. They had now given way, and nothing but superior speed could save them. It overtook before reaching the woods they were inevitably lost—if they could gain them they might escape. The delay caused by the closing of the door was short, and the enemy were now scarcely fifteen yards in the rear. Fear moved the one party almost to the speed of lightning—thirst for revenge gave additional strength to the other. The Indian, faster than his chase, gained upon them rapidly. As they heard the savages close upon them, every nerve was excited, every muscle strained to the utmost. For a short distance indeed they maintained the same pace between them, but alas! the strength of the whites failed, and too many of them overtook, fell beneath the clubs of the savages. Gaston who was equal in activity to any of his pursuers, had soon gained the lead; and with the speed of an arrow, had increased the distance between him and the Indians.

He knew that his wife would make for the river, and in all probability would be able to reach it, and it was his object to get there also, if possible, in time to assist her across the rocky and rapid current, or at least to see that she was safe beyond pursuit. The river was not far, and as he bounded down the rough hill sides, he could distinctly hear the roll of his waters, over the rocky bed. He took the nearest course to the landing, and the yells of the Indians, scattered in every direction through the woods, strained him to the greatest exertion. He reached the river—his canoe was there—his wife was not—despair overcame his soul.

"She must be taken, and I too, will die," he exclaimed, in bitter agony.

At that moment, a light bounding steed, like that of a startled fawn, drew his attention to the top of the bank, and his wife, whom he had given up for lost—his darling Kate, bounded into his embrace. This was no time for love. He took but one embrace, and hurried her into his canoe, for the Indians were but a few yards behind. It was but the work of a moment, to cut loose the line that held his bark; but before he could spring into it three stout Indians were close upon him.

"Shove off, Kate, and trust to fortune to reach the other shore," cried Gaston, distractedly, as he turned to engage the Indians, while his bride escaped. The devoted girl seemed doubtful whether to fly, or stay and die with her husband. Gaston seeing her hesitation, again called frantically to her to escape, before the Indians were upon them. She now attempted to push her boat off, but she had remained a minute too long—a brawny and athletic savage seized the boat and sprang into it, within a few feet of the alarmed maiden. She quickly retreated to the other end, and faced about, despair painted in every lineament of her face. The Indian involuntarily stopped to gaze upon the beautiful being before him. That pause was fatal to him. Kate's self-possession instantaneously returned, and as the savage sprang toward her she levelled her husband's pistol and fired. The bullet entered the savage's brain; he fell over the side of the boat, and disappeared beneath the bubbling waters; while instantly seizing the oar which had dropped from her hand on her first alarm, Kate turned the bow of her boat in the direction of the opposite shore, and began to stem the rapid current.

During the few seconds that had thus elapsed, the canoe had shot below the place where her husband struggled with the remaining Indians; and she was now out of hearing of the combatants. Standing erect in the boat, her long hair hanging loosely on her uncovered neck, her white dress moving gently to the soft breeze, and her little back avoiding the many rocks jutting their heads above the rushing waters, it gave to a beholder the idea of some fairy skill, kept up and guided by the superior power of its mistress. Steadily she moved on until near the middle of the river, when she heard a splash, followed by a voice some distance behind her. At first she thought it another Indian in pursuit; but soon the chilling thought was dispelled. Her own name, breathed in accents that had often thrilled her to the soul, was heard, sounding a thousand times more sweetly than, ever on her ear. She quickly turned the head of her boat, and although she could not propel it against the stream, she kept it stationary, until Gaston, who had overcome his pursuers, reached it. His great exertions in the unequal struggle on the bank, his efforts to reach the boat, and the loss of blood from a deep cut on his arm, had left him so little of the powers of life, that he fainted a few moments after he had regained his wife. Kate knew the peril of permitting the boat to float with the current, and with all that courage and coolness which woman possesses in times of danger, she did not stop to weep over him, but again seizing the oar, directed her bark to the opposite bank. Guided by the careful hand of love, how could the fragile skill be lost, even amid the rushing whirlpools it had to pass. They safely reached the bank, and Gaston having returned to consciousness, supported by the arm of his wife, slowly wended his way to his farm.

Their anxiety, however, was for some time almost intolerable to learn the fate of their friends whom they had left on the other side of the river. Whether the Indians had triumphed completely, whether a successful stand had been made by any of those they pursued, or whether all had been alike murdered by the relentless savages, were unknown to Kate and Gaston, and filled their minds with uneasy fears. While, however, they were thus in doubt as to the fate of their friends, a hurried footstep was heard approaching, and Mr. Lee the next moment was in his daughter's arms. With about half of his visitors, he had escaped, and, in a few days, rallying around them their remaining border neighbors, they succeeded, finally, in driving the hostile savages from their vicinity.

If any one will visit the hospitable mansion of the present proprietor of the estate, which had descended from our Kate, they may hear her story with increased interest, from the lips of her fair descendants; and upon taking a view of the place where she crossed amid such perils, they will not be surprised to learn that the circumstance should have given to it the name of the "Maiden's Adventure."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

We have, of late, recorded many romantic and affecting incidents which have become history through the medium of the inquiries held by the Coroner of this city; and perhaps a majority of those investigations, if they could be sifted to the bottom, would develop connected circumstances out of the dull and ordinary course of every day life. But cases of loafers found floating in our docks, have generally more of the disgusting than of the romantic in their compositions. The case which forms the burden of the following veritable narrative of fact, however, is a striking exception to that general rule. The story became known to the Sunday News, and is told in the following manner in the last number of that journal.

"Married, on Tuesday, by the Rev. William Ash, Thomas Mowitt to Charlotte Conroy, both of this city.

The above marriage was consummated in this city on last Tuesday week, and thereby hangs a tale which may be worth the attention of the lovers of the marvel-

lous. Mr. Mowitt is a respectable boss shoemaker, who keeps several men employed, and among the rest was one named John Pelsing, who had ingratiated himself so much in his favor by his faithfulness, industry and sobriety, that he took him in partnership about 3 years since, and had no cause to regret his kindness. From that period Mr. Mowitt and Mr. Pelsing were constant friends and companions, and boarded in the same house until about twelve months since, when one day they were summoned for a coroner's inquest which was about to be held on the body of a man that had been taken out of the Maiden Lane dock. The deceased had all the appearance of having been a regular dock laborer, and it was the opinion of all present that he had fallen into the ship while in a state of intoxication; but the verdict—which was given in a few minutes—was merely "found drowned."

The jury being dismissed, Mr. M. turned round to look for his friend and fellow juror, who had been at his side till that moment, but he was gone; and he thought he saw him running at almost full speed up Maiden Lane. This struck him as being curious; and it also reminded him of another curious fact, (at least curious as taken in connection with his sudden flight) namely, that when Mr. Pelsing had first glanced at the face of the corpse, he started, and turned deadly pale. Mr. M. then proceeded to his boarding house, and thence to his store to look for his partner, but he was to be found at neither; nor did he return that night; nor the next; nor the next; and two months passed away without bringing any intelligence of him, during which time Mr. Mowitt had fully made up his mind that there was some mysterious connection between his friend and the man that was found drowned, and that, in consequence thereof, Mr. Pelsing had in all probability made away with himself.

Well, so matters rested until a certain day in last June, when a lady called at Mr. Mowitt's store, and asked for Mr. Pelsing. She was told the particulars of his story. "And hasn't he been here since," she inquired. "Not since," replied Mr. Mowitt. "I know he has," said the lady. "He has not, I assure you at least to my knowledge," answered Mr. Mowitt. "But I am positive," said the lady. "What proof have you of it?" inquired the shoemaker. "The best in the world," returned the stranger, "for I am here, and I and Mr. Pelsing are one and the same person." And strange as it may appear, such was the actual fact.

Well, the question then was, whether Mr. Pelsing was a gentleman, or a lady, and it turned out that she was a lady, and more than that, her name wasn't John Pelsing at all, but Charlotte Conroy, and furthermore, that she was the widow of the man that had been found drowned. She then stated that her husband was a shoe maker in Philadelphia, and to whom she had been married for about two years, had treated her very badly, the consequence of which was that she picked up his trade by stealth, and when she thought she was sufficiently perfect; equipped herself in men's clothes, and ran off to this city to be more safely out of the reach of her lord and master. Here, as we have seen she got into the employment, and remained in the confidence of Mr. Mowitt until the time of the coroner's inquest, immediately after which she proceeded to Philadelphia, where she learned that her husband (who had become a wandering loafer) had, on the hint of some friend, set out for New York about a week before, to look for her; but where instead of an injured wife, he found a watery grave.

The upshot of this romantic affair was, that Mr. Mowitt requested Mrs. C. to make his house her home; that after a while he found that he liked her yet better as Mrs. C. than as Mr. Pelsing, that by virtue thereof, he proposed a renewal of their terms of partnership, which was accepted; and that on last Thursday week Mr. Mowitt and the late Mr. John Pelsing became husband and wife.

This is the first instance we believe on record wherein a wife performed the office of coroner's jurymen on the body of her own husband, or wherein a young man was married to his own master. The lady, by the way is very good looking and still on the safe side of thirty.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

The steamboat Messenger arrived at our landing yesterday from St. Louis, from Captain Beard, and from some of the passengers, we have learned the particulars of a most singular incident, uniting somewhat of the ludicrous with the serious.

On her passage up, she was snagged near Shawneetown, Illinois, at 3 o'clock last Saturday morning. The snag went through her starboard guards, forward of the wheel-house, and near the main entrance to the cabin, up through her state-rooms, three of which were entirely demolished. It struck under the feet of two of the occupants, threw them out of their berths up against the door, which being locked inside, they could not move, after being thus abruptly aroused from their slumbers. The paralytic of one, which had been thrown across his feet when he undressed, caught on the top of the snag, and when the boat stopped, were found dangling ten feet above the hurricane deck.

At the time of the accident, a deck passenger fell, or jumped overboard in a fright, and being a good swimmer, made for the shore. Here in the darkness of the night he found the banks too steep and slippery to land, and was obliged to swim 100 yards or more down stream, where he effected a landing, and in a few hours was taken on board the Wm. French. He overtook the Messenger at Louisville, his fellow passengers having given him up as drowned at the time of the accident.

The snag was a long black walnut log, upwards of a foot in diameter. No damage having been done to the boat's machinery, she was under way again in a few minutes.

Cm. Republican.